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Editorial

WAS SHAKESPEARE A MOUNTAINEER?

I must commence this month's Editorial by apologising to the author of the Profile "The Oread" and to the lovers of poetry for the accidental omission of the line, "New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill" from its place after the fourth line of the quotation from "Hamlet" at the bottom of page 11, June issue.

"A heaven-kissing hill" - it is a happy phrase. Who has not seen a sunlit snow-ridge curving upwards against a blue sky to some remote, wind-sculptured summit, and rejoiced at its gleaming purity, and the very perfection of its simple loveliness? Who has not seen Tryfan rising like some stupendous castle, its aged battlements glinting gold in the summer sunshine, and marvelled at its other-worldly magnificence? Who has not seen Great Gable, as I saw it last, kissing the grey heavens with such intensity of passion that they wept, and gone on his way heedless of the drenching rain? If there be a man who has seen these things, and been no happier for it, then his soul must be dead. If anyone exist who can look upon the Cuillin rising dragon-backed, etched in clear black against a cold dawn, or sprawling their armoured limbs luxuriously in unaccustomed warmth, and feel no flicker of emotion, then he has no life in any real sense of the word.

Ed. W. W. P. ...

Sentimental nonsense, you may say. That may be. But is it not far finer nonsense than the dreary trivialities with which many men seem content to occupy themselves in the workaday world? Wasn't Shakespeare right? Heaven-kissing indeed - the happiest epithet a man ever used to describe a hill!

D. C. C.

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS.

Most of this issue seems to be taken up by Meets; however, courage, friend! If you read on you will find accounts of a great number of small "unofficial" meets.

WHITSUN WANDERINGS. - HOW IT WAS IN 1954

There were only 20 bookings for the Cwm Silin coach, so the meet was abandoned. ~~The following were the main activities elsewhere.~~

OGWEN I. The cancelling of the Cwm Silin bus enabled me to take the Wrights and John Ashcroft to Ogwen, thereby ensuring myself a good weekend. The weather relented enough for us to camp in the dry at noon on Saturday, but not enough to climb on Sunday. It eventually cleared at 11 a.m. on Monday and we moved on to Tryfan, where we climbed Second Pinnacle Rib, then to the summit and down the west side to Ogwen Cottage for a cup of tea. That evening we went to P.Y.G., a place of bad beer. Within half an hour of some Oreads and friends gathering there was no one else in the room; there was some speculation as to the reason for this. Tuesday morning found us almost, but not quite awash. We struck camp, packed everything into the car and moved to the Milestone Buttress, where we climbed the Pulpit and came down the wrong gully and had to abseil down a waterfall. Then back to the car for a snack that consisted of the contents of some 11 tins. We finally pointed the car Nottinghamwards at 5.30 p.m. - M.T.

OGWEN II. My 'party' consisted of myself and another lone wolf who had come to Helyg on spec., one Maurice Culley of the M.A.M. We did, however, achieve something of note; viz. a complete Horseshoe, starting from Hart Gwynant with an ascent of Lockwood's Chimney (a combination of the Monolith Crack and Eastwater Swallet) and including the continuation from the foot of Crib Goch to the Lliwedd road, with heavy rain from Snowdon summit onwards. Sunday was washed out, but Monday was also somewhat out of the ordinary with a walk over all

the peaks of Craigiau Gleision, a traverse of the Cowlyd dam, and back over Pen Llithrig-y-Wrach, from which the views are particularly fine. An interesting cairn and two Ancient British cists were inspected en route. -G.T.

OGWEN III. Four of us - Mike Moore, Pete Cole, Clive and myself with Ron Dearden's help as food carrier set out to do the Welsh 3,000'ers at Whit but had to abandon the thing half way because of the weather. It rained for all of the night we spent on Foel Fras and all the following day with visibility about 50 yards on the top. We were drenched to the skin within half an hour of setting off from Foel Fras. We were bitterly disappointed but plan to make another attempt later in the year. - G.R.G.

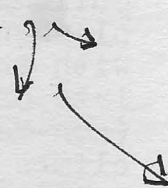
BUTTERMERE. Messrs. Falkner and Cartwright arrived by car with the Polaris early on Saturday morning. The Cullums arrived later by bus, having spent the night in a pleasant bivouac by Derwentwater. These four camped with the Polaris at the head of the lake and were joined late on Saturday night by Gerald Parsons and David Longman (non-members): On Saturday almost everyone did various climbs in Burtness Combe; the Cullums, idle baskers, went part way up and spend the afternoon browsing in the warm sunshine. Sunday was a miserable day, yet the entire camp set off for Pillar Rock. A prodigious number of parties did the North Climb (D) which was quite hard enough under the conditions, particularly the severe final Nose. The last party up consisted of Cullum, Parsons and Longman, and as a result of incredible delays on the climb and on the subsequent descent, they did not regain camp until 12.50 the next morning. A search party was on the point of setting out, in spite of Falkner's comment, "If you go out with Cullum you get used to this sort of thing". On Monday Cartwright set off with some young ladies, ostensibly for Great Gable. The others used the variable weather as an excuse for lying in camp doing nothing. In the afternoon torrential rain brought to a close a somewhat lazy weekend, though one not devoid of unusual incident.

Meanwhile our President with Celia Harrison and Stan Moore were encamped in Wasdale, but no account of their activities has yet been received. - D.C.C.

EMBROKESHIRE: Ronni and I went to St. David's Head in Embrokeshire at Whitsuntide, together with Laurie Burns and Peter Janes. From the evasive replies of other heads in the "Paul Pry" on the way home, it would seem that our choice was rather more fortunate than that of the Nant Ffranconers, at least from the point of view of the weather. The coastline north of St. David's is very fine indeed, with miles of impressive granite headlands surmounted by magnificent walking country, and is well worth a visit for a few days by anyone. The "Ship Inn" at Solva, and the "Sloop Inn" at Porth Gain can also be recommended as purveyors of high-grade refreshment for the discerning ale drinker. Unfortunately, although it is known as the "little England beyond Wales", the usual heathen restrictions on drinking hours still apply. - E.P.

EVE INNS WALK, June 19th/20th.

X Summarise



The published route was completed with one modification which did nothing to shorten it, but made the going easier, enabling us to reach the Flouch before closing time (but only just!) The second inn was changed from the Snake to the Nags Head at Edale, the stretch over Bleaklow being avoided by crossing Kinder at its eastern end and walking due north to join the Cut Gate path to the Flouch.

Six members attended - Messrs. Burns, Kershaw, Hayhurst, Moore, Winfield and Gibson, plus a welcome visitor from the Mountain Club - Larry Lambe. Two of these joined at the Flouch, having walked from pints south.

The Three Horseshoes was left at 10.30 p.m. on the Friday and Three Shire Heads selected for a bivvy. Here Mark Hayhurst was found asleep in an enormous mad man's tent. The highlight of this section was Burie Burns' moonlight fight with an owl whilst floundering ankle-deep in a bog. A start was made at 7.30 a.m. and taking in the Cat & Fiddle for good measure the route lay past Goyt's Bridge to White Hall, over Combs Edge and Black Edge and to Sparrowpit and from there

to Rushup Edge and Edale. And a pleasant reception from Mr. Heardman at the Nags (Note for serious drinkers - we called at the Church Hotel on the way up!) Some two hours were spent in Edale, resting and having the first real meal of the day. And then on to the Flouch which Larry reached at 10.0 p.m. (by running) and the rest at 10.30.

We got away after 7 a.m. on the Sunday and after one of the most delightful sections of the whole route, i.e. Margery Hill and the Derwent Edges reached the Yorkshire Bridge at 12.45 p.m. with several stops for plastering. Passing over the familiar gritstone edges we reached the Robin Hood at 8.0 p.m., the last four miles being for the leader at least more of agony than a pleasure.

The time taken was $45\frac{1}{2}$ hours (including sleep) over a distance of 65 miles. The walk is well worth while and would stand repeating on a future meet programme. And for those who may carp at the low n.p.h. it must be pointed out that the walking was not allowed to interfere with the drinking! - G.R.G.

THREE INNS WALK: Unknown to the main party we (the Cullums) started walking from Leek on the Friday evening, called at the Three Horseshoes and continued over the Roaches. Following our 25 year-old map, we took the wrong track and after wandering in the dark decided to bivouac. Next morning we set off at 7.30 without a meal, hoping (in vain) to catch the others at Three Shire Heads. This section was notable for the enormous number of rabbits we disturbed. On past the Cat and Fiddle to Goyt's Bridge, where we stopped for breakfast. From there we went north to the col between Rushup Edge and Colborne; over the latter and Brown Knoll to Edale Head; then along the western edge of Kinder to the Downfall. After a brew up we pressed on along the edge to Ashop Head, and down Ashop Clough to the Snake. It was then 9.30, so we decided to bivouac by the river, a delightful spot and a lovely night.

Sunday's fine weather caused us to dawdle over breakfast and it was 9.15 before we were under way. Our route lay

up Oyster Clough, then due east to Alport Dale, and across the moors beyond, to the Derwent reservoir. The going was the tussocky grass typical of the area. The road by the reservoir provided an easy interlude until we struck along the path for Bull Stones cabins. A steep pull up another grough-seamed moor, a descent by a stream, and we came to a pleasant river where we stopped for tea. Then by various lanes etc., to the Flouch, which we reached at 4.50. The last bus for Manchester leaves Bamford at 8.58, and it seemed unlikely that we could cover the distance in four hours. (The main party took over five hours, at the beginning of the day). The arrival of the Manchester bus resolved our doubts, and so ended our "Three Inns Walk". Measured with care on the O.S. map, the distance traversed was fifty miles, and we had enjoyed every mile of it. A pat on the back for Geoff for devising such a magnificent route, and congratulations to the tough guys who completed the course. - D.C.C.

Laddow, July 16th/17th.

Leader - Ernie Marshall.

This is the last Meet before the "Summer recess", and the crag chosen is one not previously visited by the club - a very fine crag, however, do come and swell the crowds. Camping in the Laddow area is forbidden, and will therefore be obligatory.

SOS: have you access to a duplicating machine? If so, and if you wouldn't mind taking a turn at printing Newsletters once every few months, would you let the Hon. Ed. know? The last three issues have been produced by courtesy of the Karabiner M.C., who have kindly allowed us the use of their duplicator, and generous technical assistance as well. But we can't sponge for ever. If you can help, please do so. The stencils will be sent to you ready typed - all you have to do is to run off the copies. Thank you!

OREADS IN SHORTS.

Bob Pettigrew lectured to the Karabiner M.C. on Lyngen in Manchester on June 25. His talk was very ably delivered and was enthusiastically applauded. He was deputising for Dick Brown, who was engaged on expedition business. Bob is leading a ten-man expedition, which includes Ken Griffiths and Trevor Panther, to Lyngen this summer.

Messrs. Pettigrew, Panther and Adderley were in Wales over Whitsun. The most outstanding feature of the trip was a hair-raising car ride, and Bob's journey there on his motorbike, which made it. John, incidentally, had gone to Cwm Silin, because no-one had told him the Meet was off.

Leonard Leese and Barry Cook have just finished their degree examinations in chemistry.

OREADS IN SHORTS - NEWSLETTER - JULY 1954

Quote of the month: the anonymous heart-cry, "Good Lord, how many puffs does it take to fill an air-bed"?

Painstaking research has proved that there is no foundation for the theory that Ray Handley deliberately wears his skis on the wrong feet so as to facilitate stem turns. The truth of the matter is that he can't tell which is which!

Latest report on Cyril Machin: he is "doing very well". On June 16th he moved to Barnes' Convalescent Hospital at Cheadle, and since then he has gone to Wharncliffe Hospital, Sheffield.

Apologies for the late appearance of this issue. The next issue MUST be out by July 31st, since Mr. and Mrs. Ed. go on holiday on that date. (Destination Scotland - if you'll be there during the first half of August, let us know, will you?) So post your news item now!

Ed.

PROFILE.....CHARLES WILLIAM ASHBURY

Charlie began climbing with the 'Oread' nearly three years ago - yet I have known him 16 years and tried to get him interested in mountaineering ~~several~~ times during that period. It took a war and a campaign in India and Burma to stir him from the shackles of civilization, and now there is no greater lover of the hills and mountains. Tall, with a phenomenal reach, Charlie learnt to climb rocks the difficult way, for no-one could effectively advise him how to make a move or what holds to use, because of his great build. From the first he began to lead and soon reached a V.D. standard.

His patience, determination and grit are phenomenal; his ability as a second man reassuring; and his cheerful grin at moments of crisis, a boost to the morale of a doubting leader. That erect, straight-backed figure can be seen effectively in any group of mountaineers, yet his self effacing manner utterly belies the strength of character, the strong sense of justice, the goodwill and the kindness that are his.

Many people have benefited from his introduction to the hills: the man he rescued from the clutches of the flake crevasse on Soap Gut, the numerous people to whom he had generously given lifts in his car, the 'Oread' Mountaineering Club who have acquired a staunch member - and I who have found an ideal companion and a great mountaineering partner.

E.B.

What! Only eight pages this month? Well, it's your Newsletter, and if you don't send the news we can't print it. No more Profiles in the file either. Will you be the first to contribute towards next month's twelve-page issue? Remember, you've paid three bob for it!